

I M I T A T I O N S  
A N D  
T R A N S L A T I O N S  
From the L A T I N of  
**Mr. GRAY's LYRIC ODES.**

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[ Price One Shilling and Six Pence. ]

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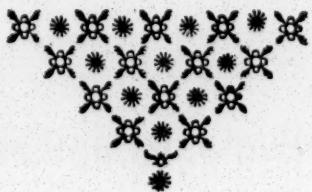
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L O N D O N :

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IMITATIONS AND TRANSLATIONS

From the LATIN of

## Mr. GRAY's LYRIC ODES.

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O D E I.

SOON must my lov'd companion share  
With me the realms of wordy War,  
    Where restless discords reign,  
And where the long-rob'd tribe, with noise,  
Loud clamour, and contentious voice,  
    The futile strife maintain.

How

How blest are they, who, gently laid  
 Beneath some elm-tree's spreading shade,  
 Recline the livelong day,  
 Sacred the hour to honest Joy,  
 Whilst the harmonious Muse is by,  
 And prompts the sportive lay :

Whilst, maugre night, or sickly dew,  
 My darling genius I pursue,  
 O ever-grateful theme !

PARNASSUS in each hill I see ;  
 And ev'ry fountain seems to me  
 Fair AGANIPPE's stream.

For me the fragrant breath of Morn  
 Exhales fresh sweets from ev'ry thorn,  
 And scents the op'ning rose :  
 For me the Streams meand'ring led,  
 As tinkling o'er their pebbly bed,  
 Inspire a soft repose.

These cares could once your friend restrain :

With these calm pleasures of the plain

I pass'd the summer o'er ;

Whilst mild FAVONIUS' gentle air

Forbade the blust'ring winds to war,

Tempestuous storms to roar.

Though ceas'd the western gales to blow,

Though clad the straw-roof'd cot with snow,

And winter's storms begun,

Yet then, e'en then, with joy I stay'd,

As faithful to the rural shade

As AYTIE to the sun ;

Whether, all-glorious to the sight,

He darts his radiant rays of light

In streams of living fire ;

Or whether, with a milder glow,

He paints the verdant scene below,

With rapture I admire :

Then

Then whilst the radiant lamp of day,  
 Which steals by slow degrees away,  
 More faint, more languid grows,  
 Whilst the clouds glow with fainter light,  
 The thick umbrageous glooms of night  
 The beauteous landscape close.

Grant, Heav'n ! that thus my lamp of life,  
 Writh'd with no agonizing strife,  
 Thus gently would decay :  
 Thus wrapp'd in peace and flumb'ring ease,  
 By mild decline and slow degrees,  
 Steal unperceiv'd away.

Yes, Oh be mine thy mildest beams,  
 Great GOD of Light ! thy sultry gleams  
 O far from me display.  
 Thy fires on proud OLYMPUS shed,  
 Who lifts exultingly his head  
 In all the glare of day.

ODE

## O D E      II.

*A FRAGMENT, imitated, and addressed to  
SENSIBILITY.*

**F**OUNTAIN of Tears, whose source is plac'd  
 In the truly-virtuous breast,  
 In that ever-peaceful cell  
 With Grace and Innocence you dwell,  
 And there remain, 'till suffering Worth  
 Or injur'd Virtue call you forth ;  
 O then in liberal streams you flow,  
 Kind tribute to the suff'rer's woe !  
 Quick flows the stream when call'd by thee,  
 Heav'n-born SENSIBILITY.

B

'Tis

'Tis by the paths which thou hast trod  
 That man draws nearer to his GOD :  
 For more than Glory's living blaze,  
 More than the Throngs which swell his praise,  
 More than the dreadful Thunder's roar,  
 More than the vivid Light'ning's pour,  
 More than Vengeance's lifted rod,  
 Mercy is the type of GOD---  
 Sweet, smiling Mercy springs from thee,  
 Heav'n-born SENSIBILITY.

You purge the soul from kindred clay,  
 And cleanse the earthy dregs away ;  
 You free the mind from Sin's controul,  
 And wake the virtues of the soul :  
 For as the Wealth which mines produce,  
 'Till call'd by Labour forth to use,  
 Lies buried, useleſs and unseen :  
 So oft fair Virtue's seeds remain,  
 Lie flumb'ring, till rous'd up by thee,  
 Heav'n-born SENSIBILITY.

Happy the man whose tranquil breast  
 Can boast thee, ever-honour'd guest !  
 Parent of Virtue, Nymph divine,  
 Deign, O ! deign to dwell in mine !  
 And, Oh, if Pride, too-worldly Care,  
 Or impious Av'rice harbour there,  
 O ! thy celestial aid impart ;  
 Enter, and humanize my heart,  
 My panting heart, which longs for thee,  
 Heav'n-born SENSIBILITY.

Come then, fair Nymph, and Oh, if Pride  
 Have turn'd my youthful steps aside ;  
 If ever That has clos'd my ear  
 Against the weeping Orphan's pray'r,  
 Oh pity, and thy aid impart,  
 To purge from sin my pride-swoln heart :  
 Forgive ; for, in this transient span,  
 Error is the lot of man !  
 Forgive ; and, Oh, draw near to me,  
 Heav'n-born SENSIBILITY !

Yes, O my soul, if aged Grief,  
 With trembling voice, implore relief,  
 Give it quickly, give it soon,  
 Coldly wait not to be won  
 By humble pray'r, the bended knee,  
 Unseemly boon from Age to thee ;  
 But learn that reverence is due  
 To the hoary head from you :  
 My soul from vain Ambition free,  
 Heav'n-born SENSIBILITY.

If Ostentation's glaring rays,  
 Or the Love of human Praise,  
 Are the springs from whence proceed  
 Each fair and goodly-seeming deed ;  
 If these the sources are within,  
 Then our holy things are sin :  
 By mortals our reward is giv'n,  
 Losing the reward of Heav'n.  
 Such breasts were never warm'd by thee,  
 Heav'n-born SENSIBILITY.

O lead me to the peaceful cell  
Where all the human Virtues dwell !  
O lead me far from Faction's voice,  
From giddy Tumults, senseless Noise,  
From Pride, from Luxury, and Strife,  
And all the vain Pursuits of Life.  
There the loud din of bart'ring Towns,  
The still, small Voice of Reason drowns.  
Let me, O let me dwell with Thee,  
Heav'n-born SENSIBILITY.

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O D E      III.

TELL me, Oh tell me, Nymph divine,  
SPRING, with whom fair VENUS strays,  
For whom the Grove's fair Songsters join  
Their little notes in praise,  
Sweetly pleasing whilst they sing,  
Welcome, welcome, genial Spring !  
Tell me, does the tuneful Maid  
Slumber in Oblivion's shade ?

Or

Or does wild, wand'ring Fancy still  
 Possess my ZEPHYRINUS' soul?  
 By each green seat, each tinkling rill,  
 Does he own the mild controul?  
 High tow'rs his song? or does he languish  
 To the plaintive voice of Anguish,  
 Forgetful of his wand'ring friend,  
 Whose footsteps stray o'er Classic land?

Ye solemn Pines which FAUNUS loves,  
 And thou, sweet ANIO, wand'ring Stream,  
 Ye bow'ry Shades, and verdant Groves,  
 For ye have heard his name,  
 To all the beauteous landscape I appeal :---  
 Each Grove, each Mount, each Stream can tell  
 How oft they've heard his name around,  
 Whilst Echo's voice return'd the sound.

For

For oft, ah ! oft each sacred Maid  
 Of the slow Stream, which trickles by,  
 Have heard me where once HORACE stray'd,  
 Darling Son of Harmony :  
 Still, as he fung, th' enraptur'd Plains  
 Listen'd in silence to his strains,  
 And (so the Muse's sacred will)  
 The beauteous scene retains them still.

Whilst I hear, and whilst I see,  
 Every grove and every spring  
 Full of sweetest harmony,  
 With rapture touch'd I sing !  
 Each landscape glows with museful fires,  
 And PHŒBUS ev'ry dream inspires.  
 All is harmonious, full of Thee,  
 Daughter of Grace, sweet Poetry.

O D E

## O D E      IV.

[Written at the CHARTREUSE.]

**G**REAT Genius, hear a Wand'r'r's pray'r,  
 Thou, whose strict mandate dictates here,  
 And sways this awful place,  
 Whoe'er thou art ; (but no weak pow'r,  
 No strengthless arm can govern o'er  
 This vast stupendous mafs.

These pines which mock the force of light,  
 Whose branches make a noon-day night,  
 And scorn meridian Pow'r ;  
 The streams which rushing headlong roar,  
 The low-brow'd rocks, which tremble o'er  
 The bottomless Obscure :

C

These

These nodding rocks, these foaming floods,  
 These ancient venerable woods,  
     A stronger awe impart,  
 The GOD, the present GOD declare,  
 More strong, more plain, than all the fair,  
     The polish'd works of art.)

Oh hear, great Genius of this place,  
 And wrap in thy serene embrace  
     A melancholy Swain ;  
 One who hath sorrowing long purfu'd,  
 With tears hath sought for Solitude,  
     But sought, alas, in vain !

For, ah ! his soul, that soul which loves  
 The purling streams and shady groves,  
     And shuns the whirl of life,  
 Fate, unpropitious Fate hath drawn  
 Far from the still, the peaceful lawn,  
     To empty noise and strife :

Oh

Oh hear, all-gracious Father, hear,  
My darling wish, my fondest pray'r,

“ In some sequester'd place,  
“ Far, far from giddy crowds and strife,  
“ O let me pass my ev'n of life,  
“ There sink into my grave in peace !”

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O        D        E  
O N    T H E  
D E A T H    o f    a    S P A N I E L.

[See MASON's Life of GRAY.]

WHERE ALPS high-heap'd on ALPS arise,  
And wonders press the aching eyes,  
A wonder-teeming clime,  
Where Fancy, Nature's darling child,  
Frolics irregular and wild,  
Majestic and sublime :

'Twas

'Twas when the Sun's resplendent beams,  
 At noon-tide hour, with sultry gleams,  
     In radiant glories play,  
 When hills of everlasting frost,  
 Where wonder is in wonder lost,  
     Reflect a splendid ray ;

FIDELIO, hapless Wand'rer, stray'd  
 Beneath the Pine-tree's solemn shade,  
     Beneath a Master's eye,  
 Loaded with arms, the menial Train,  
 Surrounding, promis'd, but in vain,  
     Profound Security.

His waving Tail, his sparkling Eye,  
 Plainly declar'd his inward joy ;  
     He bark'd and bark'd again.  
 Alas ! what slender bounds divide,  
 How near, how closely are allied  
     Th' Extremes of Joy and Pain !

Poor hapless Dog, no more must thou  
 Behold the lov'd, benignant brow  
 Of thy benignant Lord !

Ah, doom'd, alas ! no more to share  
 Thy Master's Love, thy Master's Care,  
 Thy Master's bounteous Board.

Forth rush'd from the impending wood,  
 Athirst for carnage, slaughter, blood,  
 A Wolf of hideous size ;  
 Ah, poor FIDELIO 'twas thy doom,  
 Thy hapless fortune, to become  
 The Monster's Sacrifice.

To tear thee from the Jaws of Fate,  
 Ah, vain were arms ! they came too late,  
 Too late assistance tried !  
 Thrice loud he shriek'd, but shriek'd in vain !  
 Thrice Echo gave the sound again,  
 And at the Third he died.

Learn hence, ye Great, what Woes decreed,  
 What Sorrows hang o'er ev'ry Head,  
 O'er ev'ry State below:

Learn hence to guard 'gainst Fortune's wiles,  
 For oft her fairest, brightest Smiles  
 Are Harbingers of Woe.

Accept, with rising Grief I cry,  
 Accept this tributary Sigh,  
 This tributary Tear!

Ah, sure, poor Animal, to you  
 These little humble Rites are due,  
 To Worth like thine sincere.

Scorn not my tears, ye Great, ye Vain,  
 'Cause your proud breasts no sparks retain,

No rays of Pity keep:

With gen'rous Pride I speak; for know,  
 If I but see an Insect's Woe,

My pitying Soul can weep.

What though eternal Silence seals,  
No voice to tell the pangs it feels,  
With pity-moving Cries,  
The smallest Animal sustains  
As sharp, as agonizing Pains,  
As when a Giant dies.

F I N I S.

